

THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK

SCRIPT: No. 271

DAY: Tuesday

DATE: June 4th

CHARACTERS:

BARNEY
JEAN MARTIN
ELTON FENTON

MADAM LAFONTE (JEAN DOUBLE) a woman with
a mercurial temperament and
a French accent to match.)

WRITER: Charles Gussman

DIRECTOR: Richard Sanville

SUPERVISOR: Robert J Landry (CSM)

~~(PHONE ANSWERED ON LINE THREE)~~

ELTON: (ON FILTER) Barney! Barney, ol' boy - where are ya?

BARNEY: Here. I just got in from Key West.
(RAISES HIS VOICE)

ELTON: (EXCITED) You're in Key West! Golly - can you hear me?

BARNEY: Ya don't have to yell into the phone. I'm in Middletown.
I just got in from Key West.

ELTON: Oh! . . . Wonderful. Barney - you're just the guy who
can help me! . . . Man! am I ever in trouble! -and am
I busy! I don't even have time to talk to you now . . .
but will you meet me at my dressmaker's this afternoon
at four o'clock.

BARNEY: Meet you where? It sounded like you said "dressmaker's".

ELTON: I did. . . It's a very unusual situation.

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: Columbia **presents** - the SPARROW AND THE HAWK -
a story of modern adventure high in the skies,
wherever planes can go. . . Hop aboard as Hawk
Mallory and his nephew, Barney Mallory, pilot
their planes along exciting skyways . . .

(PLANE IN)

Every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time,
Columbia brings you - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE UP AND FADE OUT UNDER:)

Here's the ~~Hawk~~ to continue our story:

BARNEY: Even though I did have a swell time on Pelagrosa with Hawk and Tony and Angie it was a pretty ^{wonderful} ~~swell~~ feeling to see Middletown again. Angie and I landed in her plane just after dawn today - and there's not much for me to do until Hawk pulls in from Pelagrosa in a day or so. Just to kill time I ~~went~~ ^{Came} up to the office of Aviation Unlimited to have a little session shootin' the breeze with Hawk's secretary and my ol' buddy, Jean Martin. . . I found nothing exciting stirring at the office - nothing except a funny situation where a fella calls ²up long distance to tell Hawk to disregard a letter th' fella'd just mailed - and a very curious thing - if anything can be considered curious when Elton Felton, the human gremlin, has anything to do with it. . . All I know about it is - that Elton wants me to meet me at his dressmaker's this afternoon. . . Since I didn't get any sleep last night I ~~xxx~~ ^g came into Hawk's inner office to see if I could knock-off a little slumber - but after a half-hour or so trying I've given up and gone back to join Jean in the outer office . . .

(DOOR OPENED - ON)
(OFF SLIGHTLY)

JEAN: ^What's the matter, Barney - the desk too hard?

BARNEY: I was on the floor . . . and it's not bad. . . (STRETCHES)

That wasn't what kept me awake . . . it's that creep

Elton.

(CHUCKLES)

JEAN: I can see why you're intrigued.

BARNEY: Intrigued?! - it has me talkin' to myself. Elton and his
dressmaker! I don't get it.

JEAN: He's graduating from High School this week, isn't he?

BARNEY: (WITH A TINGE OF SATIRE) Oh, of course - he's getting
a new spring formal for the graduation dance. Fine. That
explains everything.

JEAN: I've never heard of getting graduation gowns from a
dressmaker - but maybe that's it. . . You know - mortar
board and gown.

BARNEY: (GLUMLY) Worst of it is: I won't hear about all this
important Sparrow Club business until I see Elton - and
that won't be until four o'clock. . . Th' drip.

JEAN: Now don't pick on Elton. He tries hard.

BARNEY: Oh - he's been givin' you that old routine of his, huh?

JEAN: Old routine?

BARNEY: (MIMICING ELTON) Who would bleed an' die for the Sparrow
Club? Me - Elton Fenton. Who would give his right arm up
to here for the Sparrow Club? Me - Elton Felton . . .
Yaaaaa.

JEAN: It is pretty terrible at that . . . I'm surprised that
they're going to let him graduate.

BARNEY: Huh?

JEAN: Say ^{ing} "Me - Elton Felton" - when, of course, he means "I, Elton Felton."

BARNEY: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Are ya agreein' with me about Elton or are y'ribbin' me?

JEAN: Ribbing you?

BARNEY: Because I said "It's me" when I first saw ya this morning.

JEAN: I was saying, Barney-boy, in my not too subtle way, that you share quite a good number of Elton's faults.

BARNEY: AWWWWWW -

JEAN: It's true.

BARNEY: Heck - I don't get into jams the way he does. . . Just you see. Elton said on the phone that he was up to his neck in hot water -

JEAN: ~~Taking a bath~~ He should carry a bar of soap with him. He's up to his neck in hot water most of the time. At least he could bathe.

BARNEY: (CHUCKLES) Yeah. . . But you'll see. Elton's in some sort of a jam and I'll have to pull him out of it.

JEAN: The last time Elton was in ~~xxgum~~ hot water you ended up in it with him.

BARNEY: He's not going to get me involved in anything again.

JEAN: We'll see . . .

(PACKAGE OF LETTERS THRU MAIL SLOT OF DOOR, FALLING ON FLOOR - OFF)

Well - here's the first mail of the day. (GOING OFF) I'm burning up with curiosity about that letter.

BARNEY: Huh? What letter? . . . Oh, you mean the one the fella phoned long distance to tell Hawk not to pay any attention to?

JEAN: (COMING ON) Uh-huh. Doesn't that get your curiosity up?
A man making a dollar phone call to do what an ^{eight}~~six~~ cent
airmail stamp could do.

BARNEY: Maybe he doesn't care how he spends his money . . . Is
it there?

JEAN: I don't see it. If the man ~~was~~ ^{is} president of Mercury
Newsreel he'd surely use company envelopes and - (BREAK)
Here it is.

BARNEY: Looks like a social letter; no printing on the envelope
at all.

JEAN: The company name's typed on the back . . . Well, let's
not stand here with our eyes buggin' out. Let's see what
the man had to say . . .

(OPENING ENVELOPE WITH LETTER KNIFE - UNDER:)

BARNEY: You open any of Hawk's mail?

JEAN: Sure - if I didn't he'd find letters stacked to the ceiling
walk to wall in the office when he comes back from his
gay outings.

(UNFOLDING LETTER - SPREADING IT OUT)

BARNEY: Hmmmp. If ya saw all he went thru in Pelagrosa ya wouldn't
call it a gay outxing . . . Not a very long letter - is it?

JEAN: No - and if it's a flim-flam scheme it's not a very
slick one.

BARNEY: Whatcha mean?

JEAN: Listen. (READING) My dear Mr Mallory: A mutual friend of
ours has suggested that I call on you for assistance -

BARNEY: Aw-aw - a bite.

JEAN: Ordinarily I don't read past an opening sentence like
that - but this character has me curious.

BARNEY: Go on - read. . .

JEAN: (MUMBLED, SKETCHY READING) Mutual friend - suggested - call on you - assistance . . . assistance in solving a problem I've encountered in connection with the new venture I've just undertaken - Mercury Newsreel -

BARNEY: Solving a problem. That doesn't sound like a touch.

JEAN: Smooth approach, that's all. (RESUMES READING) I believe you are the one who could help me out of the spot I'm in - and I can make it worth your time if you'll play along with me. . .

BARNEY: That's not very good business English, is it?

JEAN: Well, he's either a very heavy-handed con-man or a rugged, unpretentious honest man.

BARNEY: That all the letter?

JEAN: Except for : "Wire me immediately ^{collect} if you'll see me and I'll come to Middletown right away. You can do me a big favor if you will, Mr Mallory. Yours truly, Ben Hagedorn, president, Mercury Newsreel"

BARNEY: Well, if he phoned to say forget the letter maybe he's on the level and has straightened out his problem. (PAUSE) What's the matter?

JEAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) The name here is spelled h-a-g-E-deo-r-n.

BARNEY: Well?

JEAN: I asked the man on the phone to spell his name for me - and he stalled a second - and then spelled it h-a-g-I-deo-r-n. . . What does that suggest to you, Barney?

BARNEY: I dunno. . . maybe it was a mistake in typing. (THOUGHT) Or, maybe, the man who called wasn't Hagedorn at all and wants Hawk to ignore the letter.

MUSIC: TRANSITION - FADE AND HOLD UNDER:

(MANUALLY OPERATED DOORBELL, MUFFLED AS
THRU DOOR - UNDER:)

ANNOUNCER: It is four o'clock of the same day now - and Barney, ringing the doorbell of a house on a sidestreet near the high school, is receiving assurance that he did not hear wrong what Elton announced to him on the phone. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ There, beside the door, is a sign that reads: Madam LaFonte, Dressmaker . . .

(DOOR OPENED - ON:)

MADAM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No! Absolutely no! I have done my best to oblige - but too much is too much. You must go away.

BARNEY: But I'm here to -

MADAM: (BREAKS IN) It is impossible. Is everybody in the world graduating from something - and must they all do it at the same time -

BARNEY: (RAISING HIS VOICE) I'm just here because Elton Felton - I mean Elton Fenton - asked me to meet him here.

ELTON: (A JOYFUL CRY FROM THE DISTANCE) Barney! Barney, ol' pal.

BARNEY: Hiya, Elton.

MADAM: Oh - you know the boy. Why didn't you say that? Come in.

BARNEY: Y'didn't give me a chance.

ELTON: (COMING ON; OVERFLOWING WITH WELCOME) Barney, my buddy. Jeekers it's good to have ya back. If there's anybody I know I can count on not to let me down in time of dire need it's my ol' friend Barney Mallory. Howya, boy!

(A SLAP ON THE BACK)

BARNEY: Swell - how's yourself?

ELTON: (CARRIED AWAY BY THE SWEEP OF THE OCCASION) Couldn't be better. Fine as silk, fine as - (BREAKS OFF) No! No - I don't mean that. Things are terrible - and you've gotta help me!

BARNEY: I've gotta?

ELTON: (PLEADING) Barney - you know I'd bleed and die for ya -

BARNEY: Ya always say that - but ya never do it.

ELTON: No kiddin' - this is serious - my plight - it's serious!
We're buddies, Barn, I'd give ya my right arm up to there -

MADAM: (COMING ON) You say you want the sleeves that short?

ELTON: Huh? . . . Oh - no, Mis' LaForte - I was explainin'
something to my friend.

MADAM: You must not wave your arms around that way, boy. Remember
you are pinned.

ELTON: Yes ma'm.

BARNEY: Elton - you haven't explained what you're doin' here.

ELTON: (MISERABLY) Gettin' my graduation suit made. Mom couldn't
find a suit to buy for me - so I'm getting one of Dad's -
cut down for me -

BARNEY: But why the - (WITH A GESTURE) Her.

ELTON: Mom's idea. She thinks because Mis' LaPorte makes good
ladies' suits she can make mens' suits too. . (TURNING)
Nothin' personal in that, Mis' LaPorte.

MADAM: (OFF SLIGHTLY) What is that?

ELTON: I said -

MADAM: Don't swing your arm. How can I fit the coat at the
shoulders when you wave the arms?

ELTON: Sorry . . . Talk to me, Barney - I can't say ~~anything~~ anything
if I can't gesticulate.

(TELEPHONE BELL RINGS - OFF)

BARNEY: Seems to me you have all th' things to say.

MADAM: Ah--the telephone. Please do not move, boy. (GOING OFF)
Every time you move my pins are shifted and I must start
anew. I will return.

(PHONE ANSWERED, OFF; MADAM AD LIBS - OFF)

ELTON: (GLUMLY) Yes ma'm. . . Isn't this a mess. . . Barney - this can't go on. Every afternoon for two weeks she's had me here - pinning, pinning, pinning - and nothin's gettin' done. I'm gettin' desperate.

BARNEY: You mean you had me come all of the way out here just to worry with ya about gettin' your graduation suit?

ELTON: Ya don't know the half of it, Barn - I may not graduate.

BARNEY: Then you won't have to worry about the suit.

ELTON: I may not graduate because of the suit.

BARNEY: (AMUSED) Oh, it isn't that bad.

ELTON: Awri' - awri' - to you it's a joke - but to me it - it's crucial! But Crucial! Lissen, Barn, ya gotta help me.

BARNEY: To do what?

ELTON: I gotta million things to do - and I keep gettin' in my own way.

BARNEY: You? Get in your own way? That's hard to imagine, Elton.

ELTON: Awri', awri' - I'm a great guy for guys to rib - but this - this could ruin my life, Barn. (THERE'S REAL EMOTION HERE)

BARNEY: Okay, Elton - ~~what~~ can I do for you.

ELTON: It's helpin' the Sparrow Club too, Barney - you're helpin' the Sparrow Club at the same time.

BARNEY: (IMPATIENTLY) Well, what is it?!

ELTON: My motor isn't remodeled.

BARNEY: Huh? Your motor isn't -

ELTON: (INTERRUPTS) I mean the Sparrow Club's motor isn't remodeled.

BARNEY: (AFTER A MOMENT) Let's take this from the start.

ELTON: The members said I could do it, Barney.

BARNEY: Do what?

ELTON: Remember I wrote you that we got an estimate on fixin' up the engine of the Sparrow Club plane . . . ?

BARNEY: Yeah. Did you get that price down any.

ELTON: No - and that's what gave me the idea. . . I took the class in ~~xxxx~~ gasoline combustion engines for my manual training course this last semester - see? - and we were suppose to have a project - every body in the class, see?- have a project, see?

BARNEY: I understand, Elton. Calm down and get to the point.

ELTON: I thought I'd do the club a favor by remodeling the motor for our plane.

BARNEY: You mean overhauling it, don'tcha.

ELTON: Remodel, overhaul - what's the difference. It isn't done.

BARNEY: Huh?

ELTON: I got it apart and now I can't get it back together . . . And if I don't get it back to gether I'll flunk the ^rcouse and one flunk and I'm not going to graduate . . . and, more'n that, the guys and girls in the Sparrows want to have the plane all ready to show you next Saturday - and they'll kill me if I don't have it running by then . . . (MOANS) Oh, Barn~~e~~ - I gotta sit down. I'm a nervous disposition an' all these worries are drivin' me to an early grave.

MADAM: (COMING ON) No - you must not sit down, boy. You forget the pins. . . You will stay here to talk with him, won't you, other boy?

BARNEY: Me? . . . I mean - I?

MADAM: Oui. . . I must go out for awhile. Another of my clientele is having trouble and -

ELTON: Madam! - ya can't go away and leave me this way!

MADAM: You will not mind. It will only be an hour.

ELTON: An hour! I can't wait an extra hour. I have a million things to do.

MADAM: (GOING OFF) ~~Then~~ do them - just be careful not to bend your arms ^{or} and stoop over or take long steps when you walk. . . . Another hour, boy.

(DOOR OPENED - OFF)

ELTON: Mis' LaFonte! Please, Mis' LaFonte - I've got a -

(DOOR SLAMMED - OFF)

BARNEY: Well, so it goes.

ELTON: (ON VERGE OF TEARS) You see why I'm a bitter man, Barn.

BARNEY: Yeah . . . but did you ever think that it might be better not to wait till the last minute.

ELTON: Oh, I admit I am heir to the weaknesses ~~and~~ of the mind and flesh that other humans have.

BARNEY: Especially of the mind.

ELTON: Awri' - awri' - rib me. (SUDDEN INSPIRATION) An hour! Barney - you can help me and we can get goin' on that engine in that much time -

BARNEY: But your suit, Elton - the coat is pinned on.

ELTON: So all right. She said I can do anything I want as long as I don't bend my arms and stoop and walk with steps too long. . . . Come on - we've got plenty of time to get ~~me~~ over to the shop.

MUSIC: TRANSITION - OUT UNDER:

(TAPPING ON ENGINE BLOCK WITH HAMMER)

ELTON: (ANXIOUSLY) Do that do it?

BARNEY: Naw + . . . Frankly, Elton, I don't think you have all of the parts.

ELTON: Of course I have 'em all! . . . Uhh - except one dingus I took home to make a drawing of - but I know where it is.

BARNEY: Elton! - ya have to have all of the parts to make the engine run!

ELTON: I know that! I know that! I'm not stupid.

BARNEY: Let's not argue . . . What part is it?

ELTON: I don't know what it's called - but it screws right on up here - so ya can go ahead and assamble the rest of the engine and it can go on last. (PAUSE) Well - go ahead.

BARNEY: I'm stuck. I don't know where all these parts go.

ELTON: Barn - just as a wild guess - would this'n go right here?

BARNEY: Naw . . . and don't make wild guesses. Things have to be right or the engine won't run.

ELTON: (MOANS) And if it don't run I won't graduate and the gang in the Club will murder me.

BARNEY: When do you have to get it finished?

ELTON: By tomorrow morning.

BARNEY: Won't the instructor help ya?

ELTON: He gave up two weeks ago. . . (MOANS) What can I do, Barn?

BARNEY: Lemme think . . . Golly, if only ya knew where there's another engine of this same make. You could go take a look at it and see how it's put together - but where would -

ELTON: (BREAKS IN; GLEEFULLY) Barney - I know where there's an engine like this'n . . . at the airport. . . Come on!

OUT

MUSIC: TRANSITION - FADE UNDER:

(AIRPORT SOUNDS; PLANE OVERHEAD, ANOTHER IDLING
NEARBY)

ELTON: (COMING ON) Here's the one, Barney - and, zhey - whatta break - the cowl's open. Somebody must be workin' on the engine now. . . What a break! . . .

BARNEY: Yeah - it is is the same as our engine.

ELTON: It is, Barn - I know it is. Gimme a boost up - and I'll help you up.

BARNEY: You'd better not climb around that plane with that coat on.

ELTON: Yeah - guess you're right. I'd better take it off.

BARNEY: Ya can't. It's pinned!

ELTON: Well, ya can unpin it from me, can't ya? It's only pinned here in front any. Take two of 'em out and it'll come off like a coat that's finished.

BARNEY: Go ahead. (GOING OFF) Ya have that cam rod with ya, haven't ya?

ELTON: Sure - right here. I'll put it right here on the wing. Ya gonna see how it fits in that tight spot.

BARNEY: (OFF) Yup - that's the idea.

ELTON: Be careful, don't step on the coat. I put it right on the wing behind ya.

BARNEY: (CLOSER) I'll watch it.

ELTON: How ya doin'?

BARNEY: With what I can see I think I'll be able to get the engine together when we get back to the shop. Give me another ten minutes and I'll have it down pat.

ELTON: Sure--another ten minutes and - (BREAK) Ten minutes. Golly! How long have I been away from Mis' LaFonte's. Look at your watch, Barn.

BARNEY: Yike! Ten minutes of six.

ELTON: Ten minutes of six. . . (MOANS) Oh, Barney - ya gotta help me hunt up a phone - phone her that I've been delayed.

BARNEY: I'll bet she knows it already.

ELTON: Don't make jokes with me. Come on!

MUSIC: TRANSTTION - FADE OUT UNDER:

ELTON: (ON BOARD FADE-IN) Oh, thank you - that's very nice of you, Mis' LaFonte. . . Yes - I'll be there promptly at seven o'clock. . . Goodbye.

(PHONE HUNG UP) (FOOTFALLS WITH MIKE - UNDER:)

BARNEY: (COMING ON) Strightened out?

ELTON: No trouble at all. Slick as a whistle. She's just going to charge just for the two hours she's waiting for me and it's all right with her . . . but, hey - we'd better get back to that plane. Hope nobody knocks that coat off the wing.

(DOOR OPENED - AIRPORT SOUNDS AGAIN)

BARNEY: I think we'd better ask permission before we hang around that plane too long. They might start to think that -

ELTON: (BREAKS IN; ALARM) Barney! Look - goin' down the runway. That isn't it, is it?

BARNEY: It isn't what. . . (MOAN) Oh, golly! That's the plane, Elton!

ELTON: (PAIN) Any my coat's on the wing and that cam rod is on the wing . . . Oh, no - this is too much for mortal man to bear!

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: Withx Elton Fenton's graduation coat and an important part of the engine of the Sparrow Club plane taking an unexpected journey to an unknown destination Barney

Mallory, contrary to his declaration to Jean Martin earljer in the day, has joined Elton in his most accustomed surroundings - hot water - up to the ears . . .

(PLANE IN)

ANNOUNCER: This is Tony Marvin inviting you to be with us tomorrow and every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time, to follow the adventures of--THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK * . . . written by Charles Gussman, directed by Richard Sanville--for CBS:

THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM